

Next Contestant by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

Anon Asked for: JIM HOPPER IN A BAR FIGHT AFTER SOMEBODY GRABS HIS GIRL'S ASS, BAD MOON RISING PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND. SHE IS LIKE 'hopper no-' and he's like 'HOPPER YES' and she ends patching up his cuts and such, maybe a lil smut if you fancy?? ❤️👉

Next Contestant

Author's Note:

you know i cant resist smut when you people ask for it so...

If there was anything Hopper loved to do with you, it was showing you off. Whether it was going out together for the night or just walking beside you on the street, he was proud to call you his. But there was one night you may have picked the wrong bar.

You were dressed in your favorite outfit, Leather vest, crop top, skin tight, ripped jeans and your black, knee high boots. Completed with heavy make up and teased out hair. Hopper loved that look on you too, biting his lip and drawing in a deep breath every time he saw you walk out of the bedroom in it. He was never near as flashy, which was alright with you because you could just die when you saw him cleaned up in his plaid shirt and jeans with just a hint of cologne that practically knocked you on your back and ready for him.

You had a bad feeling the moment you walked into the bar a few towns over. You had been there before, but not with Hopper and not since you were dating him. The crowd here was a little rougher than the ones back home in Hawkins and, as you recalled, the drunkards had little to no manners.

You hoped that nothing would come of it, that the night would go on without a hitch. But as you walked past the patrons, you noticed heads turning to your. Damnit. It was clear that Hop realised this too, because you felt his hand on the small of your back as he walked next to you.

You both had a seat at one of the high tables after grabbing a couple of beers. So far, Hopper seemed calm, carrying on conversation with you about your day, about work, about anything and nothing all at once. You lived for these moments with him when you both were relaxed and focused on nothing but each other and the beers in your hands.

Third drink in, you hopped off your stool and went back up to the bar for the next round, strutting to the beat of CCR on the speakers. The gritty tone of Bad Moon Rising flowing through you and making your hips sway to the beat. This time, the drunkards looking more predatory and much drunker than earlier. You thought nothing of it, ignoring them as they tried to get your attention. That was, until one of them took it upon himself to slap your ass as you walked away.

I see a bad moon rising, I see trouble on the way, I see earthquakes and lightnin', I see bad times today...

It wasn't like this had never happened to you, you knew how to handle yourself in this situation, but you had no time to react before Hop was charging over like a bull seeing red. "Jim," you warned. He ignored you, walking past you and straight to the punk who put his hand on you.

Don't go 'round tonight, It's bound to take your life. There's a bad moon on the rise...

A firm hand came down on the kid's shoulder and turned him towards Hopper, "You touch my girl, punk?"

I hear hurricanes a blowin'...

The younger man chuckled and looked at him pretty boy, glam rocker looking buddies. "Yeah," he laughed, "What you gonna do about it? Ain't you a little old for her? What are you, anyways, her uncle, creep?"

I know the end is comin' soon...

Hopper laughed and you could see the vein in his neck puff out, "Uncle? No, no, no, son..."

I fear rivers over flowing...

He looked the kid square in the eyes, tilting his head forward to look at him with darkened eyes, his brow furrowing as his blood boiled, "I'm her Daddy."

I hear the voice of rage and ruin...

Before the man knew what was about to happen, Hopper drew back his fist and decked him right in the nose. You could hear the crack from 7 feet away where you stood. "HOPPER!!" You yelled, as a few of the man's buddies bolted out the door. None of them expected the soft, pudgy looking older man to unload on their friend, and they sure as shit didn't expect him to know how to throw a fist.

“JESUS CHRIST, MAN!!” The man yelled, scrambling to his feet and trying to back up away from him.

“HEY!” the bartender yelled, “TAKE IT OUTSIDE!!!”

“Gladly,” Hopper growled, taking the man by his collar and pushing him out the door and throwing him down onto the pavement.

“I’m so sorry,” you said, leaving a fat tip on the counter and running out to your boyfriend.

A crowd was already forming as you came outside, the kid scrambling to his feet and standing his ground. “Bad move, grandpa.” he said, flicking a switch blade from his jacket pocket and running at Hopper. You couldn't breathe, but you had to let him fight this out... admittedly you wanted more than anything to see this kid in pieces on the pavement but you still worried for your lover.

Hopper managed to dodge the first blow, but the kid came back at him and slashed open his sleeve, cutting into his arm. Your heart lept at the sight of his blood staining his shirt. Hop grabbed the kid again, by the hair this time, and throwing him against the brick siding of the bar.

“Give up, kid,” Hopper snarled, before the kid turned again and jacked him straight in the jaw. That was the kid’s worst mistake. You could practically see Hop’s blood boil further, charging at the kid again, receiving another nasty slice from the knife on his chest as he grabbed his collar and popped 3 more punches to the kids face. “I

SAID GIVE IT UP!!”

He let the man fall to the ground and he dropped the knife finally. You lurched forward to grab it as Hopper picked him back up with both hands, pinning him to the wall this time. “Had enough, punk?” Hop asked, panting.

The man spat in Hop’s face and hissed through his teeth, “Fuck you, old man.”

Much to Hopper’s surprise, you came up next to them and placed the blade of his own knife to the man’s throat. “Say that again, creep?” You said, looking up at him, straight in the eyes. Hopper smirked, still glaring at the little pervert.

“Fuck me, huh?” Hop laughed. The man said nothing this time, looking from you to Hopper and remaining silent. “That’s what I thought.” One more fist to the jaw and the man bolted down the street. “YEAH, THAT’S RIGHT, BITCH!!! RUN LIKE A COWARD!!”

“Hopper!!” you growled, pulling him to you, “That’s enough, he’s gone, okay, you showed him.”

“Yeeaaaaah,” he said, watching him run still, “Fuckin’ right I showed his bitch ass....”

You couldn't help but laugh a little at how he had already won and he still didn't want to back down, despite his arm and chest AND lip

bleeding. “Are you okay?” he asked, looking down at you and holding your face.

You scoffed, “Am I okay? Jim, you're bleeding.”

He grinned down at you, “Yeah, you love it, don't ya?”

“Oh shut up, you fool.” You took his hand and started pulling him to the Blazer. “Let's go home, I've had enough of being out tonight.”

Once you got back to his trailer, you made Hopper sit down on the toilet while you tended to his bloody wounds, stripping him of his shirt and wiping down the cuts and the blood with a warm, wet cloth.

“You are a damned fool, Jim Hopper,” you sighed, inspecting how deep the cuts were.

“Maybe so,” he winced when you rubbed over a particularly tender spot, “But, I'm not going to let some punk disrespect the woman I love and just walk away from it...”

You couldn't help but have pride in him. You worried for him, yes, but you had never had anyone stand up for you like he did. “Thank you... by the way.”

Hopper smiled sweetly, pulling you to his lips with a hand on your

cheek. "I'll always be there to protect you, baby girl." He pushed your hair back, twirling it in his fingers for a moment and just looking at you with love and pride in his eyes.

"I love you, Jim." You smiles softly back at him, your cheeks flushing pink.

"I love you, Y/N," He took your hand in his, putting the cloth down on the sink and kissing your delicate fingers. "You're my girl..."

"All yours."

He paused, letting you clean out his wounds with hydrogen peroxide before bandaging them. "You don't think... I'm too old for you... do you?"

"Of course I don't, Hop," you replied, "What does age really matter anyways? Besides, men my age are pigs... as you saw tonight."

You stood up to put away the gauze and he wrapped his strong arms around you, burying his face in your chest and sighing. You smiled, petting his hair and rubbing his shoulder. His adrenaline was starting to ware off from before. "Hey," you said, "Let's go lay down, huh? How's your head?"

"It hurts," he groaned, leaving the warmth of your breasts.

“Okay, bed and advil.” You kissed him once more before taking his hand and pulling him off to the bedroom. Once there, you slipped out of your outfit and began looking for your favorite shirt of his to sleep in, sifting through the dresser drawers in nothing but your panties.

“Damn,” he sighed, walking in behind you. You looked up to see him standing behind you, lighting up a cigarette and grinning as his eyes were glued to your body.

“Yes,” you laughed.

He exhaled his first drag, putting the lighter and his pack of smoked on the bedside table, “You’re fucking gorgeous, baby girl.” He walked back over to you, wrapping his arms around you from behind and kissing the top of your head with ease, being a foot tall than you at least.

You grinned, his words warming your heart. His never ending praise keeping your heart young and so in love. “Where is my shirt, Jim?” You finally asked.

He wouldn't let go of you still, just kind of swaying with you in place there, “You mean my shirt?”

“Yes.”

“You don't need it.”

“Oh, come on, Hop.”

He spun you around, leaning down to kiss you with heated passion. One of his hands cupping your breast as he did so. “Oh, Hopper...” you sighed. His massive hands warm on your bare skin. He hummed with content as he layed you down on the bed, kissing you slowly down your neck and to your tits, his tongue dancing over your nipple.

“You’re mine, baby girl,” he said, tracing your folds through your silk panties. “I’m never letting someone take you from me.” His voice was soft and sweet but you could hear how territorial he was. Hopper was an Alpha, protecting his Queen, his prize.

“Jim,” you moaned, caressing his face as he suckled your tit, his fingers slowly pushing aside your panties and sliding down between your folds.

He moaned into your skin as how damp you were already, eagerly slipping a finger within you and listening to your sweet noises. “I need you,” he whispered, looking into your eyes again, his pupils dilated with lust and need.

“Do you want my mouth first, honey.”

“No,” he said, moving you to the pillow himself and spreading your legs after removing those silky panties. “No, I want to love you... I need you right now, Y/N.” He fumbled out of his pants and briefs,

not wanting to take his hands off you for even a second.

He leaned over you, propping himself up on his elbows and holding your head, your hair wrapped in his fingers. He gently pushed inside of you, uncovered, the sensitivity was almost overwhelming to him. Hopper moaned, cursing softly as he started to fuck you.

You wrapped your legs and your arms around him, hands playing with his hair as well. He had never been so soft with you during sex as he was right now. Every loving emotion he had was poured into his slow and passionate movements, adding a subtle sway of his hips at every thrust back into you that pushed against every sweet spot inside you.

“I love you,” he started cooing, “Such a good girl.... My beautiful, princess.”

You bit your lip, his praise making your inside flip with excitement. “Chief...” you moaned softly, making him buck just a little harder, “I love you more...”

“Impossible, sweetheart.” He kissed your lips, then your cheek, nipping at your earlobe softly as he made love to you. “God, you’re perfect, baby...”

The sex was slow and languid, but perfect. The kind that made you want to cry because you could feel every ounce of love between each other and more. You never wanted him to stop holding onto you, not for one second.

You were completely lost in this man's feeling, so much that you lost any comprehension of time. Before you knew it he was pulling out of you, holding his cock in one hand and the back of your head in the other, his forehead pressed to yours as he came, spilling his cum on the bed sheets.

"Fuck," he said, "Sorry, honey..." He got up after kissing you, again and you followed, letting him pull up the sheet and throw it in the hamper. He didn't care to replace it, he only wanted you. Pulling his blanket over you both, he grabbed you and pulled your back to him, wrapping his huge arms around you, "I love you so much." He said, kissing your cheek and catching his breath.

You never felt safer than when in his embrace. Knowing you were his and his alone and that he would stop at nothing to protect you and love you the way you truly deserved. "I love you."